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S O N G S, &c.

IN THE

C O M I C O P E R A

O F

Summer Amusement, &c.

PRICE, SIX-PENCE.

13/3/
5-2/



SONGS, TRIOS,
DUETTS and CHORUSSES,
IN THE

C O M I C O P E R A

OF

Summer Amusement;

OR, AN

ADVENTURE at MARGATE.

As it is performed at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

IN THE

H A Y - M A R K E T,

THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.

/ M.DCC.LXXXI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ETIQUETTE,	-	Mr. EDWIN.
SHUFFLE,	- -	Mr. PALMER.
SPRUCE,	- -	Mr. LAMASH.
SURAT,	- -	Mr. BANNISTER.
SIR JAMES JUNIPER,		Mr. PARSONS.
CATHARTIC,	- -	Mr. BADDELEY.
CRAE,	- - -	Mr. JACKSON.
MELVILLE,	- -	Mr. WOOD.
Sir DILBERRY,	- -	Mr. PAINTER.

Lady JUNIPER,	-	Mrs. WEBB.
AMELIA,	- - -	Miss HARPER.
FIDGET,	- - -	Miss HALE.

C H O R U S, &c.



S O N G S, &c.

I N

S U M M E R A M U S E M E N T.

A C T I.

C H O R U S.—*Fishermen.*

HAWL, hawl away, yet more, yet more,
Still cloſer keep to yonder ſhore ;
Now Dick, now Tom, pull you, pull you,
She comes, ſhe comes, 'twill do, 'twill do.

A I R.—*Captain Surat.*

Happy Iſland, great and free,
Sacred ſeat of Liberty :
O'er thy plains, with bounteous hand,
Ceres waves her golden wand.
All around thy whiten'd ſhore,
Ocean yields its plenteous ſtore.
Happy Iſland, great and free,
Sacred ſeat of Liberty.

CHORUS.—*Fishermen,*

While thus we labour for what we can get,
All shall be fish that comes into our net.

SONG.—*Captain Surat.*

The wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
A competence in life to gain ;
Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
To find at last content and ease ;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunders shake from pole to pole ;
'Tho' deathful waves surrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home ;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
The early scenes of youth renew ;
'Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
This is the universal toast !
May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore.

SONG.

S O N G.—*Etiquette.*

Without a man to take the lead,
What could a lady do?
No walk in life would e'er succeed,
No step could e'er be true:
We point the dance that might perplex,
Look bright,
Invite,
Excite,
Delight,
And comfort all the sex.

We ne'er, like some folks in the land,
Permit our friends to drop,
But take them gently by the hand,
And lead them to the top.
We posts and places find for all,
Now here,
Now there,
Now e'er-
-Y where,
And still keep up the ball.

SONG.

SONG.—*Spruce.*

When Madam, tho' her day is done,
 New passions will imbibe,
 In hopes to get a little fun,
 She gives a little bribe.

When Miss is kept by locks and keys,
 From all the love-sick tribe;
 To give her swain a little ease,
 She gives a little bribe.

When now and then my Lord thinks fit,
 'Mongst friends to jest and gibe,
 To raise the laugh at little wit,
 He gives a little bribe.

Whene'er we plan our ways and means,
 To make the folks subscribe,
 We guess which way their virtue leans,
 And give a little bribe.

SONG.

SONG.—*Amelia.*

To ease my heart, I own'd my flame,
 And much, I fear, I was to blame;
 For, tho' love's force we're doom'd to feel,
 The heart its weakness should conceal.

The blush that speaks the soften'd breast,
 The sigh that will not be suppress'd;
 The tear which down the cheek will steal,
 With cautious art we should conceal.

And yet if honour guides the youth,
 And welcome love is led by truth,
 With joy at Hymen's porch we kneel,
 Nor strive our weakness to conceal.

DUETT.—*Sir James and Lady Juniper.*

If husbands wish for happy lives,
 They should in all things please their wives,
 Be courtly and obedient.

Should take for better and for worse,

Sir James. A teeming head and empty purse,
 And this you think expedient.

B

Sir

Sir James and } Yes, yes, and this we think expe-
Lady Juniper. } dient.

Lady Juniper. By nature women are inclin'd
To rise superior to mankind ;

Sir James. 'Tis that which makes them fall so.

Lady Juniper. The wife promotes the husband's name,
And brings him children, health, and
fame,

Sir James. And other comforts also.

Yes, yes, &c.

F I N A L E.

Surat. Hark ! the sprightly sounds begin,
Sick and well go dancing in ;
Every heart from care fet free,
Leaves its sorrows in the sea :
Young and old delighted trip,
Here to take their morning leap ;
Hither all the grave and gay
Flock to wash their ills away.

Amelia. My fond bosom of late was so blest,
The soft moments so happily flew,
That each night I went gaily to rest,
And each morn I rose chearfully too :

But,

But, alas ! must all comfort depart,
Must those calm recreations be o'er ?
Must contentment subside in my heart,
And the sunshine of life be no more ?

Lady Juniper. Lord ! what shall I do for my oil-skin
cap,

Now the machine is ready ?

Sir James. Your hair will be wetted, oh, what a
misshap,

I pity you much, my Lady.

Surat. If I might advise you now,

Take a sip,

Ere you dip,

And it will suffice you now.

Amelia. Mamma, let's go into the bathing room,
And wait till the dress and the servant
come.

Lady Juniper. What, among the Canaille must I sit ?
Mon Dieu ! I can never submit.

Chorus. Then here let us traverse it to and fro,

Lady Juniper. I come,

Surat. I walk.

Amelia. I stand,

Sir James. I go.

Then here let us, &c.

(12)

You come, you walk, you stand, you
go,
For what can we do that more will please
Than look at the sea and scent the breeze?
And fill up the group where the scene is
laid,
All taking the air on the Margate parade?

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S O N G.—*Amelia.*

I N the prattling hours of youth,
Artless nature leagues with truth;
Oft we laugh, and oft we cry,
When perhaps we know not why.

But when varied hopes and fears
Mark the course of riper years,
If we smile, or if we sigh,
Do you think we know not why?

Question'd then of flames and darts,
Broken vows, and bleeding hearts,
If our purpose we deny,
Don't suppose we know not why.

S O N G.

SONG. — *Etiquette.*

Neatest of pretty feet, for dancing intended,
 Accept of a partner who always was commended;
 Slighting the finest dress, attentive to merit,
 He likes only those who can jig about with spirit.

Take me, madam,
 I so glad am,
 That I'll cut a caper;
 Stand first couple,
 Make no scruple,
 Strike up there, gut-scraper.

Turn about, turn about, that's right, depend on't,
 Hands across, back again, and now there's an end on't.

If it still should be thought that we should encore it,
 Permit me to offer you lemonade before it;
 Negus will make you hot, and wine is unsteady,
 Your fan now will cool us both, speak when you're
 ready.

Take me, madam, &c. &c.

SONG.

S O N G.—*Melville.*

Thou'ft play'd a false, a faithlefs part,
Remorfe will wait on thee, my love;
Ambition hath seduc'd the heart
Which honour ow'd to me, my love.

The trueft, tend'reft flame was mine;
What have I felt for thee, my love!
The foftest, fondeft vows were thine;
What didft thou swear to me, my love!

Tho' splendour deck thy nuptial bow'r,
Tho' pleasures round thee fly, my love,
Each joy that marks the playful hour
Shall labour with a figh, my love.

And when the penfive moments come,
(For who from thofe are free, my love!)
Perhaps thou'lt mourn thy Melville's doom,
And lend a tear to me, my love.

S O N G.

SONG.—*Surat.*

Go high, go low, in ev'ry state,
 The failor's heart is true ;
 In adverse, or in prosp'rous fate,
 He joins the crew :
 Then toiling early, watching late,
 Defends his king and country's cause,
 In hopes to be,
 When come from sea,
 Chear'd with applause.—

At home when sports his welcome crown,
 His wife's the liveliest of the throng ;
 Or when care sinks his spirits down,
 Her endearing smile,
 Rewards his toil,
 And greets his fav'rite song.

Go high, &c. &c.

So when the nuptial knot is ty'd,
 Our friendship closer will cement ;
 Each morn' you'll hail my blooming bride,
 And gladly share my heart's content.
 I'll grasp the hand which made her mine,
 To social scenes my hours resign,
 While all the wonted strain shall join,

Go high, go low, &c. &c.

SONG.

SONG.—*Amelia.*

How hard our hapless lot appears,

As virgin or as wife !

Restrain'd in all our early years,

Distress'd in later life !

If fond affection warms our hearts,

Too oft' unfeeling man,

From faith, from truth, from love departs,

And triumphs where he can.

F I N A L E.

Surat. Come, ye venal slaves of war,
Boast your base alliance,
Britain's thunder, heard from far,
Boldly bids defiance.
Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
True to antient story,
Freedom's sons, on freedom's ground,
Will find the road to glory.

Lady Juniper. What tho' haughty Spain we find
Will no more dissemble,
All the house of Bourbon join'd,
Shall not make us tremble.

C *Beat the drum, &c.*

Amelia. Justice animates the fight,
Fame her trump will tender;
Conquest shall support our right,
And Perfidy surrender.

Beat the drum, &c.

Etiquette. Let the light-heel'd troops of France
Come so sleek and taper,
We can teach them how to dance,
And make them cut a caper.
Bring the flutes, the fiddles bring,
Rear the filken banners,
Tho' we fight, we'll dance and sing,
And drub them with good manners.

End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

S O N G.—*Spruce.*

LOOK among the witty gentry,
Under guard of critick sentry,
Every poet makes his entry
 Vext and plagued by nibblers.
If the satire's strong and tough,
Some will think the blow too rough ;
Some it hits not hard enough,
 Such the fate of scribblers.

If the poet wise as witty,
Makes a cap for court and city,
Some will think it vastly pretty,
 Some dislike it ever ;
Few will take it as 'twas meant,
Shewn about with kind intent,
Only for amusement lent,
 For vexation ever.

S O N G.—*Surat.*

If I'm the happy man
 With whom her life is spent,
I'll do the best I can
 To make that life content;
And when the sailor's honest joys
 No longer she'll withstand,
The softness of his heart shall poize
 The roughness of his hand.

But if no hopes she'll give,
 If still her bosom's sore,
Forbid that I should strive
 To wound that bosom more :
For tho' the sailor's honest joys
 For ever she'll withstand,
The softness of his heart shall poize
 The roughness of his hand.

S O N G.

S O N G.—*Melville.*

What means that downcast look, my dear?
 Why heaves the sigh? why drops the tear?
 What fears disturb? what doubts annoy
 Those hours which love should gild with joy?

Tho' transient care now dims our eyes,
 More flatt'ring prospects soon shall rise;
 Each fond endearing scene shall prove
 The matchless force of Melville's love.

S O N G.—*Lady Juniper.*

When a lady of ton is surpriz'd in a snare,
 Having fancied that nobody saw,
 What helps her to carry it off with an air?
 'Tis nought, but the je ne sçai quoi.

When the fine men of fashion mistake in their score,
 And are forc'd for a time to withdraw,
 Why are they receiv'd, and caress'd as before?
 Sans doute, for the je ne sçai quoi.

When we meet at assemblies, high frizzled and curl'd,
 When our nods and our winks give the law,
 What makes us despise all the forms of the world?
 'Tis nought, but the je ne sçai quoi.

S O N G.

S O N G.—*Amelia.*

Let not love thy heart ensnare,
All its joys are ting'd with care,
Fleeting pleasures, lasting pain,
Smiles that ne'er return again.

Love, our woe delighted hears,
Fed with pangs, and thron'd in tears;
For when ev'ry storm is o'er,
Foe to peace, it reigns no more.

F I N A L E.

Etiquette. Ladies and gentlemen, this is a set
Who wish to stand here for the season,
To be chearful and merry we're all of us met,
And hope you won't frown without reason.

If we anger the public on any pretence,
Believe me, we do not intend it;
For if aught in our manners should give you
offence,
Etiquette will be happy to mend it.

Surat.

Surat. Then let us all laugh, and dance and sing,
Why should we grieve for errors past?
Time shall new hours of chearfulness bring,
And each shall be happier than the last.

Amelia. Tho' love, in the thoughtless morn' of life,
Hath led me a blameful path to steer,
Prudence shall guide th' attentive wife,
And filial duty the child endear.

Chorus. Then let us all laugh, and dance and sing, &c.

Melville. Come, let us now recommend the place,
And welcome all the company here,
Hoping they'll still continue to grace
Our Summer Amusement every year.

Chorus. Come, let us now, &c. &c.

T H E E N D.

(33)

And then we'll be happy as the birds
That sing in the woods of the forest
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That sing in the woods of the forest

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